

# DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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## MR. X, NEW YORK.

Astral body was not an expression entirely without meaning for me when I first met Simcox. If any one had then asked me what the term meant, I would certainly have made some attempt to define it, although my definition would just as certainly have been vague and unsatisfactory.

It was through Clarence that I met Simcox. The two had been friends in Ceylon, as I understood, though how or why I never knew, and it always seemed strange. Clarence's business in Ceylon was coffee planting, and it seemed that Simcox's was astral bodies. The only natural thing about their old acquaintance seemed to be that Clarence always knew queer people, and surely Simcox was queer.

"Why, how old do you take me to be?" he asked me suddenly one day, when I had said that something or other had happened before his time.

And when I answered that he looked to me to be about forty, he laughed quite heartily.

It so happened that this conversation took place as we were walking together to Madison Square, where we were to visit an exhibition of paintings, old and modern.

When we had spent about a half hour ranging through the galleries, Simcox and I found ourselves standing before a portrait of a Spanish prince, who, I believe, lived somewhere about the time of Queen Elizabeth. The figure was dressed in armor, except for the head, which was bare and showed a fine head of dark chestnut hair.

"This is the picture I wanted you to see," said Simcox. "Let's sit down on this settee and take it all in."

I could not remember that Simcox had said anything to me about seeing any picture in particular.

"Well, what do you think of it?" Simcox asked me presently.

"Fine," I said.

"I suppose it is," said Simcox. "I suppose it is fine. People have been saying that for three hundred years. I suppose all the lords and ladies of the Spanish court said it was fine when they first saw it. I wasn't there."

"You're not quite so old as all that?" I interjected, thinking of the mystery of his age.

"No," he said, smiling, not quite so old. And I wouldn't have been at the court of Spain either. But there is one criticism the lords and ladies might have made, though I never heard that they did.

"What's that?"

"Simply that it isn't true to life."

"But you don't mean to say it isn't lifelike?" I said in astonishment.

"What I mean is that it isn't as much like the original as it might have been. It would have been just as easy for Velasquez to have made it perfectly true. I don't see why he didn't—I never did. On the whole, it doesn't flatter his highness. His jaw was not nearly such a cruel looking square thing as that. And yet the painter has taken the trouble to curl and lengthen and dandify the mustache almost out of recognition."

"Why, Simcox," I said, "you talk as if you knew the original in the flesh!"

"Well," he said, "I don't and I do. You see, my dear fellow, to know a man's astral body is about the same thing as knowing the man in what you call 'the flesh.' You use the crude term of a worn-out mediæval philosophy. An astral body may produce at times a faint impression on the eye, but it stands to reason it must be exact."

It occurred to me at this point that Simcox needed fresh air. I had never before heard any one talk in this glib, matter-of-fact way about astral bodies. Either Simcox was crazy or there was something uncanny about him, in spite of his brisk, happy, everyday manner. "Oh, you're surprised, are you?" he said, chuckling to himself. "I might have guessed that a man who talks about knowing people 'in the flesh' would be."

Let's have a practical demonstration.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed. "You don't mean to tell me that

you are going to raise the ghost of this old Spaniard?"

"I don't raise ghosts," Simcox answered, with some impatience, "or believe in them. But if you are going to get fidgety, and as this is a public place, let's go to my rooms."

"Take one more good look at the picture before you go," he said, "and pay particular attention to the chin, mustache and eyes. I want you to see if I'm not right in my criticism."

When we got to his rooms and I had seated myself as comfortably as my nervous state of mind would allow, Simcox busied himself rummaging in the drawers of a roll top writing desk. "I don't need any very elaborate apparatus, you see," he said, "but there is one thing somewhere in these drawers, if I can only find it, that ought to help a good deal. Ah, here it is."

He produced what I at first took to be a glass paperweight. On closer inspection it turned out to be a Japanese crystal ball, very clear and exquisitely rounded, but not mounted on any carved stand, like most of those I have seen.

"Just hold this, will you?" he said.

I took the crystal in my hand. "You had better sit here," he said, "with your back to the window. I want the light to come over your shoulder."

I ought to say that in that window frame there was no curtain of any kind, only a brown holland window blind, which was rolled up. In front of me as I sat with my back to the light was nothing but an open carpeted space. Indeed bareness was the most obvious characteristic of Simcox's room. It was more like a lawyer's office than a private sitting room.

"Now, I am going to stand behind you, if you don't mind," he said and acted accordingly.

In obedience to his instructions I held the crystal in my lap with both hands and looked intently at it. Once I could not resist the temptation to look behind me and see what he was doing. He was standing with arms extended, waving his hands about.

"Never mind me," he said. "You keep your eyes fixed on that crystal."

After that I kept my eyes on the crystal constantly. Presently a mist seemed to shut out the point of light on which I was gazing. It was a white mist at first, but turned to a dark brown. Out of the mist presently came the gray glimmer of armor; then above the armor I could make out flesh tints; then the curling chestnut hair, the peaked beard and the mustache. The face was more clearly defined than it was in the portrait I had been looking at.

"Now," said Simcox, speaking from behind me, "was I right? Isn't the chin much more humane than Velasquez made it?"

"Yes," I answered. "And the mustache is smaller and the hair closer cropped. But it is a wonderful likeness on the whole."

"It is," said Simcox. "And now you know what an astral body is. Let's go and have some oysters."

The whole thing was gone. I was looking at the crystal ball once more. So we went out and got some oysters.

Some months later Simcox himself was gone. But I got by mail a marked copy of a small scientific pamphlet. It was printed in England. The marked passage was a terse statement of "Case 10—Mr. X., New York, U. S. A." The essential facts of the foregoing story were given in half a page of print. I was "Mr. X."

"Clarence," I said next time I met that interesting person, "who the deuce is Simcox?"

"Simcox? Didn't you know? It seems that Simcox is a big man. Simcox is Meffler, the English doctor—expert on hypnosis and hallucinations."—*San Francisco Call.*

The Yarmouth drifter Rocket recently brought into that port the extraordinary catch of 224 last of herrings, in actual number 296,400 fish all of which were counted by "tellers." This was the result of a single fishing trip, and the monetary value exceeds \$1,500.

## SWORDS AND SCABBARDS.

The sword recently presented to Admiral Schley by the people of Philadelphia cost over \$3500, the greater part of which was spent on the jewels and decorations on the scabbard. A little more than half a century ago when General Winfield Scott, for whom Schley was named, received a beautiful sword from the State of Louisville, was asked how it pleased him.

"It is a very fine sword, indeed," he said, "but there is one thing about it I would have preferred different. The inscription should be on the blade, not on the scabbard. The scabbard may be taken away from us; the sword, never."

The world spends too much time, money and energy on the scabbard of life; too little on the sword. The scabbard represents outside show, vanity and display; the sword intrinsic worth. The scabbard is ever the semblance; the sword, the reality. The scabbard is the temporal; the sword is the eternal. The scabbard is the body; the sword is the soul. The scabbard represents the material side of life; the sword, the true, the spiritual, the ideal.

The man who does not dare follow his own convictions, but who lives in terror of what society will say, falling prostrate before the golden calf of public opinion, is living an empty life of mere show. He is sacrificing his individuality, his divine right to live his life in harmony with his own high ideals, to a cowardly, toadying fear of the world. He is not a voice, with the strong note of individual purpose; he is but the thin echo of the voice of thousands. He is not brightening, sharpening and using the sword of his life in true warfare, he is lazily ornamenting a useless scabbard with the hieroglyphics of his folly.

The man who lives beyond his means, who mortgages his future for his present, who is generous before he is just, who is sacrificing everything to keep up with the procession of his superiors, is really losing much of life. He, too, is decorating the scabbard, letting the sword rust in its sheath.

Life is not a competition with other. In its truest sense it is a competition with ourselves. We should each day seek to break the record of our yesterday. We should seek each day to live stronger, better, truer lives; each day to master some weakness of yesterday; each day to repair past follies; each day to surpass ourselves. And this is but progress. And individual, conscious progress, progress unending and unlimited, is the one great thing that differentiates man from all the other animals. Then we will care naught for the pretty, unless decorations of society's approval on the scabbard. For us it will be enough to know that what the blade of our purpose is kept ever keen and sharp for the defense of right and truth, never to wrong the rights of others, but ever to right the wrongs of ourselves and those around us.

Reputation is what the world thinks a man is; character is what he really is. Every one can play shuttlecock with a man's reputation; his character is his alone. No one can injure his character but himself. Character is the sword; reputation is the scabbard. Many men acquire insomnia in standing guard over their reputations, while their character gives them no concern. Often they make new dents in their character in their attempt to cut a deep, deceptive filigree on the scabbard of their reputation. Reputation is the shell a man discards when he leaves life for immortality. His character he takes with him.

The woman who spends thousands in charitable donations, and is hard and uncharitable in her judgments, sentimentally sympathetic with human sin and weakness in the abstract, while she arrogates to herself omniscience in her harsh condemnation of individual lapses, is charitable only on the outside. She is letting her tongue undo the good work of her hand. She is too enthusiastic in decorating the scabbard of publicity to think of the word of real love for humanity.

The man who wears an oppressive, pompous air of dignity because he

has accomplished some little work of importance, because he is vested with a brief mantle of authority, loses sight of the true perspective of life. He is destitute of humor; he takes himself seriously. It is a thousand-dollar scabbard on a two-dollar sword.

The girl who marries merely for money or for a title is the feminine Esau of this end of the century. She is selling her birthright of love for the pottage of an empty name, forfeiting the possibility of a life of love, all that true womanhood should hold most dear, for a mere bag of gold or a crown. She is decorating the scabbard with a crest and heraldic designs, and with ornaments of pure gold set with jewels. She feels that this will be enough for life, and that she does not need love, real love, that has made this world a paradise, despite all the other people present.

The shoddy airs and ostentatious extravagance and prodigality of those who have suddenly become rich is gold-plating the scabbard without improving the blade. The superficial veneer of refinement really accentuates the native vulgarity. The more you polish woodwork the more you reveal the grain. Nothing looks so cheap as a cheap man in a dress suit. Some of the sudden legates of fortune have the wisdom to acquire the reality of refinement through careful training. This is the true method of putting the sword itself in order instead of begemming the scabbard.

The philosophy of swords and scabbards is as true of nations as of individuals. When France condemned Dreyfus to infamy and isolation, deafening her ears to the cries of justice and seeking to cover her shame with greater shame, she sheathed the sword of a nation's honor in the scabbard of a nation's crime. The breaking of the sword of Dreyfus, when he was cruelly degraded before the Army, typified the degradation of the French nation in breaking the sword of justice and preserving carefully the empty scabbard with its ironic inscription "*Vive la justice*."

When Spain, the Rip Van Winkle of the nations, forgot the Middle Ages with their barbarities were over, and converted Cuba into one vast bullbaiting arena, she buried the sword of "honor" shamelessly into the heart of a helpless people. And through it all she kept protesting automatically, with the monotonous iteration of a mechanical doll, that "the nation's honor must be preserved."

Now, in the United States, when we are sheathing the sword of defense, nobly drawn in "the world's first war of humanity," to find the scabbard is marked and decorated with one of the most disgraceful military scandals of modern times. Official corruption and intrigue of which even Spain might be ashamed is the latest act in the drama of war—a lamentable dishonor in the hour of the nation's pride.

The scabbard is useless in the hour of emergency; then it is upon the sword itself that we must rely. Then the worthlessness of show, sham, pretense, gilded weakness is revealed to us. Then the trivialities of life are seen in their true form. The nothingness of everything but the real, the tried, the true, is made luminant in an instant. Then we know whether our living has been one of true preparation, of keeping the sword clean, pure, sharp and ready, or one more idle, meaningless, day-by-day marking of folly on the empty scabbard of a wasted life.—*Saturday Evening Post.*

W. W. Astor's taxes in New York, this year: \$406,908.

## Rev. Mr. Danter's Appointments.

### DECEMBER.

17-9:30 A.M., Trinity Church, Utica (Holy Communion).  
17-9:30 P.M., Zion Church, Rome.  
17-7:30 P.M., St. Paul's, Syracuse.  
21-7:30 P.M., St. Luke's, Rochester (lecture).  
21-7:30 P.M., St. Paul's, Buffalo (social).  
24-3:00 P.M., Geneva.  
25-10:30 A.M., St. Luke's, Rochester.  
29-7:30 P.M., Auburn.  
30-7:30 P.M., Christ P. H., Binghamton (lecture).  
31-10:30 A.M., Christ Church, Binghamton (Holy Communion).  
31-4:15 P.M., Trinity, Elmira.

Address: Rev. C. O. DANTER, 11 Mason Street, Rochester, N. Y.

## OHIO.

### The Anderson Deaf-Mute Club of Cincinnati.

#### W. E. HOY GETS A PRIZE.

#### An Enjoyment Entertainment --Coming Events, Notes, Etc.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. B. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

The Anderson Club of Cincinnati was twenty years old on the 26th ult., and in commemoration of the event, the members spent the afternoon and evening at its rooms in a social way. A large number of the deaf of the Queen City dropped in to pay their respects to the members and congratulate them upon the occasion and wishing the club another long lease of life. Refreshments were served to all during the evening and there were plenty for the inner man. There were games and dancing also, and no one needed to feel lonely. Addresses were made by the president, secretary and several of the older members of the club and were well received. The officers of the club are: President, John W. Oxley; Vice-President, John Geiger; Secretary-treasurer, Louis J. Bacheberle; Librarian, John H. Boy; Sergeant-at-Arms, Louis Felix; Trustees: Herman Elkins and August Boas. May all who had the pleasure of attending this affair be present five years later, when the club will celebrate its silver anniversary.

The Anderson Club held open house on the evening of the 29th, at its club rooms, which proved one of the best entertainments the club ever held, socially and financially. A novel feature of the evening, and which provoked great fun, was hitting the spot with a soft rubber ball. The target being the face of any member. The one who came out first best was Mr. Hoy. He used the slow under arm-delivery and his base ball experience no doubt had much to do in having the first prize come to him.

Mr. Emil Hoffman secured the second prize. What they were our informant failed to state. The ladies also indulged in the game, and the winners were Miss Clara Ellerhorst and Miss S. Statham. Following this came a guessing contest giving the number of beans or nearest to it contained in a jar. Mrs. Wm. E. Hoy was the successful one, and received for her guess a fine panel picture. The next nearest didn't make any outlay for her thanksgiving turkey, as she was given a fine one for her effort.

The club will give an entertainment on the evening of December 23d, and invites all the deaf to come and partake of an evening's enjoyments with it.

The members of the Columbus Deaf-Mute Reading Circle enjoyed a feast of good things Saturday evening. The affair took place at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Frederick Schwartz, corner of Main and 18th Streets, and was given in honor of the retiring officers of the club. In addition to the members, the following were there by invitation: Messrs. C. W. Charles, W. H. Zorn, Geo. W. Halse, Ed. Holycross, Frank E. Philpott and Joseph Neutzling.

Mrs. Schwartz evidently knows how to please the palate of the inner man, and prepared a menu that was most tempting. Oysters, turkey, dressing, marsh potatoes, celery, nuts, oranges, candy, cake, bananas and coffee.

Having done full justice to this fine spread, the table was cleared, cigars lighted and speeches were made. The retiring President, E. T. King, spoke of the good the circle was capable of doing toward the deaf. Mr. C. W. Charles congratulated the members for having organized such society, and hoped its influence would grow and thus add strength to the organization. He thanked the members for inviting him and the others to be their guests of the evening, and said he

and the rest had certainly enjoyed themselves.

Mr. Fred. Schwartz, the president-elect, said he would do his best to keep up the club, and he had several plans in mind, which he would carry out, and which would help the club and its work along.

The officers for the year, which were recently elected are: Frederick Schwartz, President; Clarence Jones, Secretary; G. Clum, Librarian; and Frank Reilman, Treasurer. It has been decided to change the name of the organization, which will be done in the near future, in order to harmonize with its proposed work.

A dance was given in the girls' recreation hall last evening, for the benefit of the Barn Fund of the Home.

The hall was tastefully decorated with blue and pink bunting. Refreshment booths were in the corners of the east end, where ices, cakes, etc., were served. The west end door was hidden by a large United States flag. The orchestra was hidden behind a cluster of potted palms near the center of the north wall. About forty couples tripped the "light fantastic" and enjoyed an evening in this kind of amusement. Quite a number of the lady teachers participated in the affair. The amount realized will be quite a sum for the barn fund.

There was a fire in a house back of the institution the other morning, which was caused by a defective flue. Several pupils noticed it and climbed up the roof and had the fire out before the city fire department came upon the scene. Instead of waiting until December 23, as stated last week, Mr. Philpott quit the *Deaf World* yesterday, owing to some difference between him and the proprietor.

Miss Katie Fox left for her home Tuesday, having enjoyed a delightful week's visit with her friend, Miss L. McFadden.

The foot-ball has been put away for the season. The last game was played last Saturday between the Independents and City eleven, the latter winning 6 to 0.

August Beckert, boys' attendant, was called home Saturday by the death of a relative, as was also Harley Drake of the High School, by the death of his grandfather.

Sunday and Monday gave us the first real wintry weather for this season, with the beautiful as a sprinkling to make it. To-day one would call it spring.

Dec. 9, '99. A. B. G.

#### An Uncomfortable Place.

A well known admiral has asserted that, even with a moderate gale and sea, an armor plated cruiser, if going against the wind, will find herself in conditions similar to those of a storm—at least, the crew will have that impression. The movements of the stern of the ship are violent and very disagreeable. The waves, pushed by the advancing prow, sweep continually over the ship from bow to stern. All windows and portholes must be closed, and air reaches the lower decks, where the heat increases unbearably, only through artificial ventilators. With the exception of the specially protected command bridge all the uncovered portions of the ship are impassable. Thus the whole crew must bear as well as they can the inferno of the closed decks.

In such a ship no one can feel comfortable and when there is a storm, in which a sailing ship would feel comparatively at ease, the crew of an armor plated ship imagines itself to be in a heavy hurricane, which threatens destruction every minute. The long, narrow fore part of the ship, which is not borne lightly by the water and is rendered extremely heavy by the ram and armored deck and the cannon and torpedoes, forces the ship in a high sea to pitching and rolling which are of a kind that cannot be described.—*Pittsburg Dispatch.*

#### NOTICE.

The date of Mr. and Mrs. Millman's crystal wedding has been changed to Saturday, December 16th, at the request of the deaf-mutes of Troy and Albany, who cannot get away from work on Monday, December 18th.

E. C. LORTIE, HOOSICK FALLS, Dec. 7.

## Stood By His Flag.

A dozen rough, but brave soldiers were playing cards one night in camp. "What on earth is that?" suddenly exclaimed the ring-leader, stopping in the midst of the game to listen. In a moment the whole squad were listening to a low, solemn voice, which came from a tent occupied by several recruits who had arrived in camp that day. The ring-leader approached the tent on tip-toe.

"Boys, he's praying, or I'm a sinner?" he roared out. "Three cheers for the parson!" shouted another man of the group as the prayer ended.

"You watch things for three weeks. I'll show you how to take the religion out of him!" said the first speaker, laughing. He was a large man, the ring-leader in mischief. The recruit was a slight, pale-faced young fellow of about eighteen years of age. During the next three weeks he was the butt of the camp. Then several of the boys, conquered by the lad's gentle patience and uniform kindness to his persecutors, begged the others to stop annoying him. "Oh the little ranter is no better than the rest of us!" answered the ring-leader. "He's only making believe pious. When we get under fire, you'll see him run. These pious folks don't like the smell of gunpowder. I've no faith in their religion."

In a few weeks the regiment broke camp, marched toward Richmond, entered the Wilderness, and engaged in that terrible battle. The company to which the young recruit belonged had a desperate struggle. The brigade was driven back, and when the line reformed behind the breast-works they had built in the morning, he was missing. When last seen he was surrounded by enemies, but fighting desperately. At his side stood the brave fellow who had made the poor lad a constant object of ridicule. Both were given up as lost. Suddenly the big man was seen tramping through the underbrush, bearing the dead body of the recruit. Reverently he laid the corpse down, saying as he wiped the blood from his own face:

"Boys, I couldn't leave him behind—he fought so! I thought he deserved a decent burial."

During a lull in the battle the men dug a shallow grave and tenderly laid the remains therein. Then, as one was cutting the name and regiment upon a board the big man said, with husky voice:

"I guess you'd better put the words, 'Christian soldier' in somewhere! He deserves the title, and may be it'll console him for our abuse."

There was not a dry eye among these rough men as they stuck the rudely carved board at the head of the grave, and again looked at the inscription.

"Well," said one, "he was a christian soldier, if there ever was one! And," turning to the ring-leader, "he didn't run, did he, when he smelt the gun-powder?"

"Run!" answered the big man, his voice tender with emotion, "why, he didn't budge an inch! But what's that to standing for weeks our fire like a man and never sending a word back! He just stood by his flag and let us pepper him—he did."

When the regiment marched away that rude head-board remained to tell what a power lies in a Christian life.—*Exchange.*

King George uses a bullet that was fired at him as a watch charm, and believes that it ensures safety.

Madrid papers issue supplements that contain nothing but prize winning numbers in some great state lottery.

Wesleyan Preacher Houldsworth, after having preached for eighty years, died recently in an English almshouse.

The great Hoosac Tunnel is ventilated by an electric fan worked by 140 horse-power, at 110 revolutions per minute.

The Westinghouse Machine Company is not only quadrupling the size of its present plant, but is about to erect its own steel mills, to insure a prompt supply of material. It will also have a steel forging plant and a foundry of its own.



THE DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL (published at 163d Street and Broadway) is issued every Thursday; it is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

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"He's true to God who's true to man;  
Wherever wrong is done  
To the humblest and the weakest  
'Neath the all-beholding sun,  
That wrong is also done to us,  
And they are slaves must be,  
Whose love of right is for themselves,  
And not for all the race."

In the circulars issued by the committee in charge of the arrangements for the Congress of the Deaf at Paris next Summer, it is distinctly stated, and the statement is as distinctly emphasized, that the Congress is to be composed exclusively of the deaf and to be managed just as exclusively by them; yet in the list of those composing the Committee on Program appears the name of Ernest J. D. Abraham, of England, a hearing and speaking man. This is evidently an inadvertence on the part of our French conferees, but it should be corrected and at once.

We have had occasion before to call attention to the masquerading of Mr. Abraham under titles and in habits to which he has no right; and it is about the last straw of patience to find him placed so prominently when he does not belong with such prominent deaf men as W. E. Harris, James Murr, G. F. Healy, A. M. Cuttall, and a host of others whom we could name. No trouble ought to be had in securing proper representation on the Congress Committees from Great Britain. The American Section might properly call attention to the anomaly.

THE tributes to the memory of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, as given expression by the deaf throughout the country, demonstrate the possession of gratitude and intelligent discernment that is as much an honor to the deaf themselves as it is to their greatest benefactor.

There is hardly a school in the country wherein appropriate exercises were not held on "Gallaudet Day," and in communities where a sufficient number of the deaf exist, the adult deaf gathered together and rehearsed again the loving sympathy, the indomitable perseverance, and the philanthropic personality of Gallaudet, the founder of the first school for the education of the deaf in America.

The fertile mind of O. H. Regensburg, of Chicago, resulted in an innovation that in future years we hope will be imitated by the deaf of other localities. It was the placing of a wreath upon the statue at Washington, which was erected by contributions of every State in the Union to commemorate the work of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, and was presented to Gallaudet College on the hundredth anniversary of his birth.

A DOCTOR, named Wilson, seems to be attracting much attention, because of his sweeping claims in treating and curing deafness. In an advertisement in the newspapers, he claims "to have cured hundreds and to have given 'hearing and speech to hundreds of deaf-mutes, born without hearing.'" A largely attended seance at Carnegie Hall in this city, has not yet brought to light an authentic cure among the deaf who are known to us. Electricity is said to be the basis of Dr. Wilson's treatment.

A line of telegraph has been extended to Dawson City. The rate for 20 words is \$4.35.

## CALLAUDET COLLEGE.

### Lecture on "The Mariner's Compass."

#### HONORING THOMAS HOPKINS GALLAUDET.

##### News of the Week.

From our Washington Correspondent.

Prof. Draper delivered the second of the series of faculty lectures Friday night. He took for his subject "The Mariner's Compass," and during the course of his remarks illustrated his points by the use of a globe, compass, etc. He said in part what follows:

"Man is not able to control his direction under all circumstances. In a blinding snow storm he is generally lost. His inability, dies with easy reach of his own warm and hospitable home. Lost in a trackless forest he wanders for hours, finally perhaps to reach the very rock or tree from whence he started, for the right side of the body travels faster than the left (and for that reason racers always turn to the left). Again, on the wide sea, in thick fogs, or when neither sun, moon nor star is seen, man, unaided, becomes the plaything of the wind, wave and current. So it is on the boundless prairie, in caves and in mines, which sometimes extend for miles in all directions.

THE COMPASS. It is evident that any instrument which enables man to overcome this helplessness to pursue his chosen path almost infallibly under all vicissitudes, must be an invaluable boon. Such an instrument exists. In its origin it is worthy of the great and beneficent role it plays, for it is partly the creation and secret of God, partly the discovery and invention of man. It is called the compass.

##### MAGNETISM

A certain ore of iron, called loadstone, has the mysterious power to attract and to be attracted by almost every substance, and especially by iron. The power of attraction is strongest at the ends of a bar of loadstone or magnet, and these ends are called its poles. One is called the North and the other the South pole. The poles have equal powers of attraction, but the attraction is opposite in kind, so that the North pole of one magnet will attract the South pole of another, and vice versa. If a magnet be cut in the center, instead of keeping all the North polarity in one piece and all of the South in the other, it instantly becomes two complete magnets, each with its North and South poles of equal power, as in the original magnet. It is the compound of a magnet the South Pole and vice versa, since the North pole of the earth will attract the South pole of the magnet.

When a magnet is freely suspended, it will point one end to the North and the other to the South. If pushed out of that position it will always oscillate a long time, and then pass again North and South. At first this fact has led to the theory that the earth is a huge magnet, having its North and South magnetic poles near the poles of the axis of rotation, and that the suspended magnet turns to them as to any nearby magnet. This theory is well confirmed. Accordingly the French call the North Pole of a magnet the South Pole, and vice versa, since the North pole of the earth will attract the South pole of the magnet.

##### HISTORY AND EFFECT OF THE DISCOVERY.

We see at once that this discovery gave man the power to direct his path, for if he has a piece of iron that always points north, he at once infers all other directions. The Chinese claim to have known this principle nearly 5000 years ago, but they used it only for travelling on land; on the sea they did not use it, as far as we know, until about 300 A.D., and then but little. It was unknown in Europe till near 1200 A.D. In 1362 a Neapolitan named Gioia improved the compass so much, that the part of the kingdom of Naples where he was born adopted the compass as its coat-of-arms. Up to this discovery sailors could not venture far from land. It was the thing that made the voyages of Columbus possible.

##### MODE OF SUSPENSION.

If a magnet be hung from a thread having no tension, tied to its center it will point north as soon as it comes to rest, but this would be impracticable in the compass. In the compass the magnet has its center pierced and a jewel inserted there; the jewel has in it a conical depression which receives the end of a finely pointed steel pin fixed to the bottom of the compass box. The needle is then exactly poised and balanced. There is no friction. It is more delicate and sensitive than almost anything one can imagine—that a girl of 16; than the opposing lines at football when there has been a fumble. (A lady sailing with me last summer, after watching it oscillate a long time, exclaimed, "Will it never stop.")

After this the construction of the compass depends on the purpose for which it is wanted. There are many varieties. I am going to speak to you of one—

##### THE MARINER'S COMPASS.

In this the needle, before it is suspended on the pin, is fixed to a circular card called the compass card. On this card is engraved a map of 32 rays, marking the thirty-two "points" of the heavens. These are read by a system, thus: N (north), N by E (north by east), NNE (north-north-east), NE by N (north-east by north), NE (north-east), NE by E (north-east by east), ENE (east-north-east), E by N (east by north), E (east), E by S (east by south), and so on around to north. In a large compass the card is often divided into quarters, making 128 dimensions. It is then read N (north), N  $\frac{1}{4}$  E (north-one-fourth-east), etc. In a still larger compass the quarters are halved, making 256 dimensions, and the card is read N  $\frac{1}{8}$  E (north-one-eighth-east), etc. To repeat all these 256 points is called "boxing the compass." An old sailor may not be able to read or write, but he knows this card better than we know the alphabet, for he can "box" it forward or backward and give instantly the name of any point of division. This card is fixed to the magnet, with its north point immediately over the north end of the magnet. The card turns just as the magnet does.

The compass so formed is placed in a brass box and this box is hung upon "gimbals" in such a way that the card is steadily horizontal, no matter how much the ship pitches. The compass is, then, placed in the binnacle, a wooden box fixed in front of the steersman, and fitted with a

lamp that shines at night only upon the card. Inside the compass box painted upon the side, is a vertical black line called the "lubber-line" (or "green-horn's line," because old sailors claim they can steer without it, though they cannot). The lubber-line is always on a line with the stem of the ship. The helmsman must keep the point on the compass-card that names his required course always in contact with the lubber-line. Thus, if the course be east he will turn the ship till the point on the card marked E touches the lubber-line and keep it there steadily. This looks easy, but in reality it takes infinite practice to do it. In some boats steered by a wheel, if the wheel be turned to the right in others it turns to the left; in steering with a helm, if the helm be put "down" (with the wind on the port (left) side), that is pushed from the helmsman, the boat turns to the left; if put "up," that is drawn toward the helmsman, the boat turns to the right. Now, a green-horn's man will move the wheel or helm much and often, and keep the boat "yawing" from side to side and the point of the card spinning about on both sides of the lubber-line; and if by good luck he does get it to the line he cannot keep it there; whereas the expert helmsman, by a few imperceptible, and yet, blow high or low, keeps the good ship heeled at a constant angle and the E-point on the card steady at the lubber-line.

DECLINATION. "As true as the needle to the pole" is sometimes a bad comparison, for the needle is generally not true to the pole. Hence arises a difficulty in sailing. At certain places on the earth's surface the astronomical meridian and the magnetic meridian coincide, but in most places the latter passes somewhat to the east or west of the former. The angle between these two circles is called the *declination* of the needle. It is measured by a "declinometer," or by a "dipping-needle," and the amount of departure from the true north being thus found, the ship's course can be correct. Deviations of the needle from observations on land have been tabulated, and the coast survey is now at work taking such observations at sea; so that by and by an error of the compass can be corrected at any point on land or sea.

DEVIATIONS DUE TO IRON IN THE SHIP. As all iron, and especially soft iron, attracts the needle, the iron in the ship will attract the ships' compass. This attraction is often so great as to render the compass useless. There are various ways to overcome this difficulty. (1) Bars of soft iron placed near the binnacle cause a counter attraction which balances that of the ship and so leaves the needle free. This serves well on ships plying between British and German ports, where the ship changes its latitude this method is worse than useless, because the magnetism of the ship changes with the latitude and so causes an ever-varying deviation of the needle. (2) A compass placed at the mast head can be used as a standard; so placed it is compassed from the attraction of the ship, and can be used to correct the compass in the binnacle every little while. (3) A compass can be placed high above the deck and the bearings of a star or an object on shore taken while the ship's head makes a complete circuit. The deviation of the compass caused by the iron in the ship can be corrected by these means and so be allowed for. Some other causes bring about deviations of the compass, but this is the chief one.

KINDS OF SAILING. "Sailings" in navigation are called *plane*, when the earth is considered flat; *parallel*, when the ship sails East or West on a parallel of latitude; *middle latitude*, when she sails not perpendicular to a meridian, as in the last case, but oblique to it; and *tangent*, when she sails on a great circle. Plane sailing is the easiest to calculate, being merely the solution of the right plane triangle in Trigonometry, but it is also the least accurate, because it proceeds on the false hypothesis that the earth is flat; it serves fairly well for short distances, and in low latitudes where the meridians are nearly parallel. Tangent sailing is the most scientific of all the methods; by it the ship sails the shortest possible distance between two ports, which is not, as it seems to the eye, when the ports are in the same latitude, along a parallel, but along a great circle determined by the two ports and the earth's center; and this involves the solution of a spherical triangle, the ship's motion being on lines successively tangent to the great circle. To enter far into the matter would call for another lecture or series of lectures. It suffices here to say that in all kinds of deep sea sailing the *Compass is indispensable*. When the ship's path has been fixed by mathematical laws, the compass must still sit before the helmsman's eye and point its unerring finger along that path. It is the real captain and governor of the ship. All foreign commerce and all the navies of the earth depend upon it. When a great steamer moves out of New York harbor, freighted with a thousand lives and with countless treasure, it is this little instrument that guides her safely forward, day after day and night after night, through storms and calms, fogs and darkness, finally to bring her to a foreseen point of Britain at a foreseen moment, with almost as much certainty as if the helmsman saw his goal from the star. So of every merchantman, man-of-war's man and pleasure yacht that sails blue water—the compass, wisely handled is its unerring guide and faithful friend. With it, the sea becomes a highway as truly as the land; without it, accurate movements thereon would be impossible.

We cannot, therefore, overrate the value and importance of this little instrument. It is a thing to make us full of wonder, love and praise alike of the mysterious arrangements of God and the skill and ingenuity of man.

The principal event of the past week was the exercises held in the chapel, Sunday afternoon, in honor of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet. This was in lieu of the usual Sunday School concert. The exercises consisted of remarks by students and Professors. They were opened by Prof. Draper, who read a telegram from Mr. Regensberg of Chicago, asking that a wreath be bought and placed on the Gallaudet Statue for the Pas-a-Pas Club of Chicago.

Mr. Sowell, '00, who was in charge of the exercises, then followed with a few remarks, using as subject, the words carved on the statue in front of the chapel: "Friend, Teacher, Benefactor." Miss Brizendine, '01, then declaimed a poem—"To Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet." Dr. Gallaudet reading for the benefit of hearing visitors. Miss DeLong, '02, was the next speaker, taking as her subject, "Philanthropist." Miss Brooks, '03, rendered a very beautiful hymn, (Prof. Ely reading), and was followed by Mr. Taylor, '01, with remarks on the reasons for observing Gallaudet Day. Then came

one of the most interesting features of the program, Reminiscences, by Prof. Porter. Miss Bauman declaimed a poem, "The Gallaudet Monument," (Prof. Hall reading), and Dr. Gallaudet closed the exercises with remarks followed by prayer—he talking both orally and in signs so that all present might understand. To our mind the exercises were the best and most appropriate we have seen since coming to Kendal Green. To-day all the classes are excused from recitation in one study.

The Juniors have wound up their astronomical studies before the close of the term and have taken up Physics.

A party of the girls with Prof. Draper took a long ride over the new electric car lines, sightseeing, Friday. Nearly all the street lines in the city are now controlled by one company, and transfers to almost any part of the city can be obtained.

Prof. and Mrs. Day entertained their Sunday School classes at their home Friday evening after Prof. Draper's lecture.

The three lower classes are arranging to play a series of foot-ball games to decide the class championship. The first game came off Wednesday between the Freshman and Ducks.

Allen, Erickson & Co., are getting in shape, as a sort of auxiliary entertainment to the side splitting jokes and performances of "Allen, Runde & Co.," a series of dances that must have originated in "Countdown," or "Picketown," or "Darktown," or somewhere else; where the dusky black, with his dogs and coons and watermelon, is "allus happy an' libbin' good." Admission always free.

Mr. W. Strong, '02, has been elected to Captain the Reserves next year. His and Mr. Waters ratification by the Athletic Association took place Tuesday. It was decided at the same meeting to have the usual inter-class bowling tournament during the Christmas holidays.

Prof. Day took his classes in Zoology on a visit to the "Zoo" Wednesday.

R. S. T.

##### PHILADELPHIA.

The anniversary of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet's birth was fittingly observed by a memorial service at All Souls' Church, Sunday afternoon, Dec. 10th. The occasion aroused much interest, and there was a large attendance. Rev. Mr. Koehler had arranged a special service of Prayer and Praise, including the 145th Psalm; portion of the 44th Chapter of Ecclesiastes; the Te Deum; and a special prayer composed by himself for the day. The sermon was based on the text from Ecclesiastes 44, 19—"Abraham was raised up to be a father of many people," and dwelt particularly upon the Christian charity and patience that marked the life of Gallaudet, and which enabled him to overcome obstacles that would have disheartened anyone not sustained by the grace of the Lord and a genuine love of souls. As the prominent worth of Abraham caused him to be made the instrument of God's providence towards the children of Israel, so the predominant goodness of Gallaudet's character raised him up to be a father to the children of silence.

At the conclusion of the sermon, Mrs. M. J. Syle recited the hymn composed by Mrs. Lydia Southgate Sigourney for the memorial service held in Hartford in April, 1852, with slight changes in phraseology suggested by Mr. Koehler to adapt it to the occasion of to-day.

Just before the general Thanksgiving in the ritual, the pastor read the following special prayer:

O God whose mercy endureth forever, we yield thee hearty thanks for the great things thou hast done and art doing for the children of men. We bless thee for the examples of grace and virtue declared in all those who, in their time, have been the lights of the world; for raising up thy servant, THOMAS HOPKINS GALLAUDET, and giving him to be a father of many people; for bestowing upon him the virtues of charity, and service and faith; for vouchsafing him patience to accomplish his works of amelioration and blessing; for inclining the hearts of men to cherish and promote his benevolence; for bringing to the light of knowledge and revelation minds erstwhile darkened by privation; for the gift of faith and the spread of thy kingdom among the children of silence; we bless and magnify thy glorious name, humbly beseeching thee to accept this our sacrifice of praise and thanksgiving, through Jesus Christ our Lord.

Amen.

The service concluded with the Prayer for the Deaf, by Bishop Stevens, and the Benediction.

##### BANQUET.

The banquet in honor of Gallaudet by the Philadelphia deaf was a delightful affair, socially and intellectually, and will rank with the best celebrations of the kind. Covers were laid for forty, and an excellent menu was served. Prof. S. G. Davidson presided, and was supported at the right and left by Rev. A. W. Mann and Rev. J. M. Koehler. The toasts were all appropriate to the day and were ably responded to. Our regular correspondent will give a more detailed account in next week's issue.

## STATE OF IOWA.

### DEAF FOLK'S THANKSGIVING—OTHER ITEMS OF INTEREST.

At Cedar Falls, Ia, occurred the following Thanksgiving day party.

Among the many pleasant social gatherings last Thursday few exceeded, for genuine novelty and pleasure, that at the hospitable home of Mr. and Mrs. George Crosby of Cedar Falls, the occasion being a Thanksgiving meeting of the deaf. J. E. Cavanagh, accompanied by his wife and little daughter, went down early in the morning and found a good assembly already at the Crosby home, which was soon augmented by the arrival of the little wonder, Linnie Hagewood, and her accomplished teacher, Miss Dora Donald. Everybody was in excellent spirits. Thanksgiving services were conducted in sign language by J. J. Middleton of Atkins, Iowa. After services came a sociable and visit with Miss Hagewood until dinner time. The writer, rather upset by a call to say grace and carve the turkey pleaded a printer's unfamiliarity with both, and recollecting preacher's partiality for poultry, called on Mr. Middleton, who presided in a most acceptable manner. The menu was fine and beautiful, a credit to our hostess and enjoyed by all. After dinner came games with Miss Lydia Dinsdale, Iowa, leader. Robert Dixon, of Belle Plaine, won the cake in the bean-bag contest; Mrs. Cavanagh, blindfolded, succeeded in pinning the missing ear of a rabbit to its tail and was awarded the first prize; Judson Fleming, of Marion, was denied a Bachelor's degree; the writer was badly fooled by Miss Dinsdale in the lost pin game, but being a bright and handsome girl we've about concluded to forgive her; Wm. Perry Evans of Cedar Rapids was the tallest gentleman; Daniel Slight of Parkersburg, the most bashful; Peter Burk of Waterloo the handsomest and Miss Edna Munger, of Cedar Falls, the smallest deaf person present. The company broke up about 6 o'clock and after receiving a handsome souvenir of the occasion, returned to their various homes with many kind remembrances of the generosity of Mr. and Mrs. Crosby.

The agitation of having the Eastern Iowa School for the deaf established, is yet in full sway, not publicly but silently. It was thought that the matter had been dropped, but it will be vigorously pushed forward in the next legislature. It is reported that the State Board of Control has gone so far as to be more economical than necessary, and have saved about \$400,000 to the State by reforms, corrections and reduced salaries in the various State Institutions. The Iowa School for the Deaf comes under this category. Some of the teachers at the school are paid \$30 and \$35 a month. Of course the best teachers cannot be had at that price and its usefulness be upheld. The governor will make some references to this matter in his message to the legislature. It will be looked for with much interest on account of what it will contain on these topics. Of course the parents of the unfortunate children, who send them to the school, have a right to expect, and are entitled to the best of teachers.

Edwin J. Page has left the employ of the George Lawrence Company in Portland, Oregon, after working there for two years. He is a good harness maker, and can make good wages if he would only stay at one place and be steady at his trade. He was educated at the Illinois School for the Deaf at Jacksonville. He is well known in this city and at many other places in Iowa.

Matthew McCook is canvassing in Minnesota for his paper, while Fred Ward manages the office in this city. McCook's wife and child will remain all winter with his folks at Riceville.

J. E. Staudacher, who canvasses for various periodicals, was in the city for a few days, and left again on business.

Frank Willis, of Malvern, Ia., has passed the examination at Omaha for office work, and will be assigned to the census bureau as clerk.

For information about the international convention of the deaf at Paris, France in 1900, write to M. E. Dusuzaud, President, Nanterre, (Seine) France. DeCoursey French will be one of a company, who will attend this convention.

The address of Rev. J. J. Middleton is at Atkins, Ia. He was the first pupil in the school for the Deaf at Iowa city way back in the fifties, under Principal Ijams. He is doing good missionary work among the deaf.

Our neighbor, Mrs. Lellie K. Roberts has the family of a mute by the name of William Pearce, of Ishpeming, Michigan. He never attended a School for the deaf, but he can read and write well. He used to go to the public school with Lillie and others. He lost his hearing at five years old. He married a deaf lady in Chicago and has two nice children. He is a cigarmaker, and is doing well.

John C. Hummer, formerly a teacher in the Iowa School for the Deaf, lives on a farm near Urbana, Kansas. He made a delightful trip through the wonderful Rocky Mountains, dreary deserts and California, the land of gold. He says Kansas is good enough for him.

##### TROY, N. Y.

Mr. and Mrs. Thure E. Carlman sent out neat invitation cards for the fifth anniversary of their wedding several weeks ago, and about forty deaf-mutes and relatives thus invited responded. We hereby give a list of presents from the donors: Rev. Mr. Van Allen and wife, a fine instrument to measure the degree of heat or temperature; Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Burt, a half dozen glass saucers and a broom; Mr. and Mrs. J. Getting, a half dozen china plates and a towel roll; Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Connerton, a coat and hat rack; Mr. and Mrs. Talloch, a rack for papers and a half bushel of corn (Host now roasting it, pop! pop!); Mrs. Bohrer, a picture with frame; Mrs. Carrie Hogebeane, a rocker; Misses Katie and Lucy Denison, pictures; Miss H. Dugdale, a lemon squeezer; Miss S. Miers, a salt box; Miss K. Valley, a plant stand; Miss L. Newkirk, a picture and a feather duster; Miss A. E. Palmer, a box for salt; Miss R. Getty, a fancy china plate; Miss M. Ryan, an instrument to squeeze lemons with; Miss F. Allen, a table dust pan, plus brush; Miss M. E. Lewis, a handy box to keep salt in; Miss Lang, a rack; C. F. Mull, a combination box for all kinds of spices or powder; Andrew Keenan, a handy box for knives, plus inseparable forks; George Gilboe, a clothes rack; H. Held, a chopping bowl, together with a knife; H. S. De Celle, a large, fine framed picture; A. Sharp, a knife and fork box; Mrs. Coombs (hearing lady), a stand; Miss Fredith Norris, a fancy basket; Miss C. Derouville, a bowl with masher and spoon; Joseph Kinney, a rack (for papers) with picture on the front side; Mr. and Mrs. E. Van Wormer, a masher.

Refreshments provided by the host and hostess were served to the guests, and an enjoyable time was spent by all.

Miss Margaret E. Flynn, who was invited, but unable to be there, has sent Mr. and Mrs. Carlman a nice present.

##### PERSONALS.

Rev. Mr. Van Allen, wife and children, spent Thanksgiving day at Nassau. Later, the former baptized an infant child of Mr. and Mrs. Taylor.

Henry S. De Celle had an enjoyable Thanksgiving day at Crooked Lake, where Mr. Shantz, an old Fairwood boy, entertained Henry. The Convention of Albany Diocese recently met in the State Capital City. The Rev. Mr. Van Allen reported a very successful year's operations.

The Board of Missions of the Diocese has recognized the importance of his work by granting him a small stipend from its funds.

His father transferred his house and land to A. J. Keenan.

John R. Becker and son, Harry, were in Troy last week. Business done. John called on his old friends.

Mr. Becker played a good joke on a Cornell student, who is in butter and cheese business some distance from the Becker house. Filling a bottle up with frog legs and labeling it as pickles, sent it gratis by an errand boy. The victim held the bottle up, and, seeing the pickles as he believed to be, in motion, thought it strange. Subsequently, he saw the joke. He roasted the legs, and ate them with relish.

A theatrical company played in Troy recently, "What happened to Jones?" We looked for, and found the actor a different person.

A pleasant birthday party was tendered Miss Derouville, at Albany, Saturday evening.

C.

##### In Society in Russia.

Russian society is an oasis in the wilderness of the world. You take to it from the first as naturally as bees to bloom of the heather and never wish to be weaned from it again, for the charm it yields is unique. It is not what the institution is in so many other countries—a general clearing house where social debts and duties are discharged and little love lost among the members. Society exists in Russia for its own sake, and not merely as a means to an end.

In fact, it is an earthly paradise, wherein you can daily with your life, dreamily watch it glide away through asphodel meadows, and enjoy its pleasures heedless of time and tide. And, like paradise, it is reserved for the very elect; only those predestined from their birth may enter on the joys of the place. The uniform of an officer of the imperial guards, for instance, is an open sesame to the bliss it bestows, and to follow a trade is to have committed the unpardonable sin. It is conceivable that a prince or a count should be driven from the precincts of this Eden, but heaven and earth will pass away before a merchant will be allowed to cross its threshold.

## BUFFALO

Mr. Charles F. Colegrove, of Westfield, made a brief but pleasant call on the writer, last week, and stated that he saw the scene of a horrible accident, which befell two young deaf and dumb ladies. According to his statement, they, being informed by their employer to commence to work at noon, were walking back home along the Lake Shore railway. They saw a man at a short distance, moving his arms for them to get off the track, but they thought he did it in flirtation. As they were waving their handkerchiefs at him, the train whose whistles were repeatedly blown, rushed on and killed them. The accident took place near Brocton, nine miles from Dunkirk. The names were Mrs. Rosa Davis and Miss Clara Lutgen, and they were educated at the Rochester Institution. The former was smashed almost to pieces, and the other lived only three hours. Mrs. Davis' mother, who is deaf and dumb too, went almost crazy over her untimely death. We regret very much to hear that Mr. William E. Davis did not go to attend her funeral.

Mesdames James B. Lloyd and John Reinlander have been donning mourning gowns on account of the death of their brother and uncle. They are entitled to our sympathy.

On the 25th ult., a meeting was held at St. Paul's Parish House under the supervision of Jas. B. Lloyd. Miss Almada Austin delivered a lecture about Enoch Arden.

Miss Lydia Cornelius has been looking sad over the death of her beloved mother. The latter died not long ago.

James B. Lloyd was made happy by the visit of his parents at his home a few days ago.

Sol D. Weil went to Rochester on Thanksgiving Day, to visit his friends, and returned home that night.

On the 8th inst., Rev. Mr. Dantzer kept the audience amused by giving a talk about the life of Thomas H. Gallaudet, and also of Laurent Clerc.

The De Sales Society will give a social reunion on the 28th inst., at the old Institution.

Those who wish to enjoy themselves there, must get tickets, which are sold for 25 cents.

The programme for the pantomime exhibition given by St. Bede's Mission for the Deaf at the Parish House, will probably be "The Wrong Bride," "at the Photograph Gallery," "the Dude and Monkey," and also stereoptic illustrations. The committee and those interested in it, have been working actively to make it a grand success. Remember the date—the 17th of January—and the place, the Parish House on Pearl Street.

J. B. L.

Henry L. Rhode, of Rainville, Ind., is doing well in the farming line. He recently sold at top-notch prices over sixty hogs.

On Thursday afternoon, November 23d, from three to eight o'clock, Mr. and Mrs. Emil F. Scheffer held a reception, in Montclair, N. J. There were about twenty-five persons present, principally from Bloomfield and Montclair. A very pleasant time was passed.

A thrilling war story, by CONAN DOYLE, is one of the features of the December "Columbian." FRANK R. STOCKTON, MARTEN MAARTENS, OLIVE SCHREINER and EDGAR SALIS also have stories and sketches in the Christmas number. OLGA NETHEROLE contributes a very interesting sketch of her personal experiences in her efforts to succeed on the stage. Life has not been all sunshine for Miss NETHEROLE. She made her place battling against tremendous odds, and tells how she succeeded in a way that is at once interesting and inspiring.

##### Married.

On Wednesday evening, December 6th, at No. 3849 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois, by the Rev. Austin W. Mann, Priest in charge of All Angels' Mission, Mr. Ira Eastman Keller and Miss Maude Ethel Moses. The bride is a graduate of the Ohio Institution at Columbus; and the Indiana School claims the groom as an alumnus. Chicago will be the future home of the couple.

##### A Subtle Compliment.

If men would only remember that women grow beautiful and sweet of character when told that they are beautiful and sweet of character, the world wouldn't know half the shrews and fretters and scolds who keep things stirred up as if with a soup ladle.

To illustrate, just the other night a woman of 50 was sitting in a box at a theater, sharing an evening's enjoyment with several other playgoers, when a young man appeared on the stage and claimed her attention.

"I saw that man's father play with Charlotte Cushman thirty years ago," she remarked to a man who sat behind her.

"You must have been brought in on a pillow," he answered.

Now, why in the world don't men cultivate cleverness like that? Not one in forty would have had the tact and quickness to have made that reply.—Boston Herald.

Maine's Chief Justice is 77 years old.



## NEW YORK.

### Gallaudet Day Observed With a Memorial Service at St. Ann's.

### LYRIC HALL CROWDED TO SEE THE SURDS' ANNUAL ENTERTAINMENT.

### Dramatics, Gymnastics and Military Manoeuvres, a Great Success -- Pertinent Personals.

[Mr. A. L. Pach's address is 250 W. 125th St. (Room 4) New York.]

On Sunday afternoon of Gallaudet Day (December 10th) St. Ann's was thronged as it has never been before, to witness the memorial service in memory of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet.

Looking over the congregation that filled St. Ann's Church, on the afternoon of Sunday, December 10th, the heyday of old St. Ann's was forcibly brought to mind. It was a representative gathering of the deaf of New York City and vicinity, drawn together to render homage to the memory of their greatest benefactor—Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet. Every creed and society was represented and the gathering completely filled the edifice—testifying to the innate love the deaf are never chary of showing towards those who have performed eminent service in their behalf.

In opening the exercises, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet announced that as a memorial service was to be held, the burial service for the dead would take the place of the usual evening prayers.

Assisted by Rev. Dr. Chamberlain, Dr. Gallaudet commenced the beautiful service of the Episcopal Church, opening with "I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord," followed by the lesson taken from I Cor. 15:20.

"Asleep in Jesus! blessed sleep," was next rendered in signs by Mr. W. G. Jones, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet reading it orally. The usual order of the service was then continued, closing with the hymn "O Paradise, O Paradise."

With the conclusion of the formal service, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet invited Rev. Dr. Chamberlain to address the congregation. Dr. Chamberlain spoke as follows, Dr. Gallaudet interpreting in signs:—

I can give no reminiscences of the Rev. Dr. T. H. Gallaudet, because I never had the pleasure of meeting him. He was merely a name to me, and I have not even attempted to call attention to what seems to me to be two or three of the chief characteristics of his life, believing that, as the characteristics of any life are, in some measure at least moulded by the providence of God, so the leading characteristics of a noble life, if they be duly marked, have an influence for the moulding of other lives.

Looking at the record left by him whom we commemorate to-day, it seems to me that the most prominent characteristic is a firm and persistent belief in God, and that not a mere belief in His existence, but a confident trust in Him as one who sympathizes with His creatures and aids them in all right undertakings.

Based upon this was a second characteristic, which appears very prominently in his life work; namely: cheerful and patient perseverance in the face of really great difficulties. At the time when he became so deeply interested in little Alice Cogswell, the teaching of the deaf was practically an unknown thing in this country. There was need to learn as much as possible of the methods employed in Europe. When he went there to seek knowledge of those methods, obstacles were thrown in his way, which could be overcome only by patient perseverance. Then there was need of money for the establishment and continuance of a school and the raising of funds for such a purpose was the more difficult because the need for such a school was not sufficiently realized even by the founders of the Hartford School, is now apparent in the fact that they supposed it would suffice for the whole nation.

The last trait of character prominent in the life and work of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet to which I wish to call attention is his humility. His faith in God bore the proper fruit of God-like works of loving kindness. His was not an effort for the attainment of wealth or fame, but a humble, trustful attempt in the face of difficulties to benefit God's helpless ones. Believing that God's providence opens before us the ways of duty, he was ever ready to recognize the opportunity placed before him and entered upon it courageously and pursued it with patient, trustful persistence, and in the spirit of divine love.

One lesson taught us by the life of him whom we now commemorate is, as it seems to me, that we trust in God, and with patient endurance and unselfish devotion, diligently perform the duties of life in any station to which it has pleased God to call us.

Dr. Chamberlain then read the accompanying extract from a letter of Dr. E. M. Gallaudet, President of Gallaudet College, regretting he could not be present at the memorial service:

Please present my most friendly greetings to the deaf of New York, who assemble at St. Ann's on the 10th proximo, and say that the truest way for them to honor their great benefactor is to live such lives as they would have them live—lives that shall be in harmony with the benevolent, charitable spirit of his own life. And I am sure that very many of them are sincerely trying to live such lives.

An address was made by Rev. Dr. Gallaudet, who spoke in substance:—

MY BELOVED FRIENDS: We have been drawn together in a most remarkable way to consider the life and character of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet, on the 112th

anniversary of his birth, in Philadelphia, December 10th, 1787. Deaf-mutes of different religious beliefs have lovingly consented to observe the occasion, coming this year on Sunday, in St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes. While the pastors and people who worship here regularly follow the system laid down in the Book of Common Prayer, we respect the religious belief of every fellow pilgrim in life's mysterious journey, and our hearts are full of charity to all the children of the Heavenly Father, especially those who are waiting to be restored to hearing and speech in the future abode of endless joy. Let us then come close together to-day, feeling that we have many things in common, as we strive to get an inspiration from the example of the good man whom the deaf-mutes of this country regard as their greatest benefactor, teacher and friend.

He had a peculiarly kind and persuasive manner. He had a sympathetic feeling for all with whom he came in contact. He loved Alice Cogswell, and through her pathetic case, moved certain friends in Hartford to send him abroad to learn the methods of teaching deaf-mutes. Meeting with obstacles in Great Britain, he went to the good-will of Seward and became his pupil in the Paris Institution. He won the confidence of Laurent Clerc, and persuaded him to come to America in order to assist him in founding the first Institution for Deaf-Mutes at Hartford, Connecticut, in April, 1817.

While his body rests in the family plot in Cedar Hill Cemetery, Hartford, Conn., he is enjoying in his spiritual existence, the rewards of his well spent life. May it be our blessed privilege to meet him in the Home of the Blessed.

In addition to the great work which this philanthropist did for deaf-mutes, he was called to render upon two other lines of duty in which he manifested his well rounded character. He wrote a series of useful books, which gave him a wide-spread reputation. He gave the last twelve years of his earthly pilgrimage, in sympathetic, comforting religious ministrations, to the students in the Hartford Retreat. He gathered to his fathers on the 10th of September, 1851, in the 64th year of his age, admired and esteemed by all who knew him. While his body rests in the family plot in Cedar Hill Cemetery, Hartford, Conn., he is enjoying in his spiritual existence, the rewards of his well spent life. May it be our blessed privilege to meet him in the Home of the Blessed.

The love of his deaf-mute friends was manifested on three special occasions. In September, 1850, those living in New England presented to him a silver pitcher and salver, and at the same time a pitcher and salver to his associate Laurent Clerc. This presentation was accompanied with several appropriate addresses. Within a few years after my father's death, a beautiful white monument was raised to his memory on the grounds in front of the Institution which he founded. The 100th anniversary of his birthday was remarkably commemorated by a national movement, which resulted in the placing of an impressive bronze group, representing the teacher and his first pupil, Alice Cogswell, on the Campus of Gallaudet College, Kendall Green, Washington, D. C.

What a noble life, I have thus tried briefly to sketch. May it be an inspiration to us all to be true to the light and knowledge we have received, to improve our opportunities and to hope for eternal rewards.

Mr. Theodore A. Froehlich was invited to speak, and expressed his gratification in witnessing so widespread an interest in the occasion, as evidenced by the large gathering in attendance. It seems to him appropriate that at least once in the year, we all could lay aside our daily affairs to recall the unselfish efforts made by Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet in the interest of the deaf and dumb. He regretted that his want of mastery of the sign language prevented him from expressing more forcibly the depth and fullness of his veneration for the man whose natal day we recalled. It seemed to him that the spirit of the sire had descended upon worthy sons, who in their life work showed how keen and sincere was their interest in all that concerned the interest of the deaf and dumb. He then gave in detail, which had been narrated to him, an incident in the closing days of Dr. Gallaudet's life, which impressed him with a sense of the sincerity of the great benefactor's efforts—and while it had not been his good fortune to have met Dr. Gallaudet, he had from many prominent deaf men learned of him, his work and unselfish devotion to the deaf and dumb.

Mr. Fox, the next speaker, opened with the remark that as the Constitution was the standard by which all new laws were tested, to the statesmen who lived and fought in stirring times leading to the adoption of this Constitution, we owe more honor than to those of subsequent times. So it is with the first prominent teacher of the deaf in America. While to-day we have many schools and many teachers, the highest honor is due to him who began the work that has attained such fruition—Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet.

When Gallaudet graduated from Andover Seminary, though a young man, he possessed experience and had already attained a standing in the community. There was open to him as a young and promising clergyman; a position of weight and influence naturally attractive. To give up all the bright prospects which the pulpit offered, and enter upon a field unknown and untrod meant great personal sacrifice such as no teacher of to-day is called upon to make. Indeed the idea of sacrifice in teaching the deaf has long since exploded, there being rather too many than too few applicants for positions looked upon as lucrative. But Gallaudet did make a sacrifice of his prospects, and a retrospect of his career shows greatly he suffered, though uncompensated.

At the present day we occasionally meet a criticism of our benefactor, the only one we have ever seen made, and one manifestly unfair and prejudiced when all the circumstances are known. To those of you who are familiar with his life, who will readily recall his experience with Dr. Watson, and his correspondence with Mr. Braidwood, it seems almost reprehensible that he should be accused of deliberately opposing the teaching of

speech to the deaf, when we consider the treatment the monopolists of oral teaching accorded the American seeker for enlightenment.

It was his wish and hope to combine the peculiar advantages of the English and French modes of instruction; the French gave him enthusiastic assistance, the English turned him from the door.

To-day Gallaudet's fame is established beyond all cavil; it has taken its proper place among the glorious list of distinguished Americans whose names so fittingly adorn the walls of the National Library, and there, as in the hearts of the deaf, it will ever remain as the great friend and benefactor of the deaf.

Mr. Hodgson remarked that while he had not much to say, he wished to add his tribute to the honor due Gallaudet for his great and distinguished work in behalf of the deaf. Our Institution at Washington Heights is to day a beautiful and useful collection of buildings, with teachers who have few difficulties with which to contend in comparison to those Gallaudet had to encounter. There is a vast difference between the Institution of to-day and that at 50th Street years ago, then in outlying woods. We are especially proud that the humble assistant of Gallaudet was a deaf man, Laurent Clerc.

Mr. Jones expressed the belief that deaf-mutes had ever a lively recollection of their first teachers, and first employer. The deaf were in a room of darkness, when Gallaudet brought the light that removed the darkness, and he of all others, they hold in grateful remembrance.

Mr. Barnes gave his recollections of his first meeting Dr. Gallaudet at the old 50th Street Institution, and instanced the sweetness of character and playful disposition shown by Dr. Gallaudet towards deaf children.

In bringing the service to an end, Rev. Dr. Gallaudet paid a deserved tribute to the memory of another great benefactor of the deaf, the late Isaac Lewis Peet, LL.D., whose last public appearance was at the Gallaudet Celebration a year ago. A man whose life teemed with activity, yet always spared the time to mingle with his deaf friends in their public gatherings. This closing address by Dr. Gallaudet, in honoring his old associate friend, was most beautiful and touchingly appropriate, a harmonious close to a most interesting memorial service. Indeed, taken all in all, the service was one of the most interesting which the deaf of New York have witnessed in a decade, and the large attendance emphasizes the fact that, given due notice, and a program that appeals to them, the deaf of New York will fill St. Ann's Church from chancel to door.

The other important event of the week was the annual entertainment of the League of Elect Surds, at Lyric Hall, on Monday evening, December 4th.

The night was not all that could be desired, but in spite of the fact that a little rain and a little snow fell at about the time the patrons were getting ready to attend, fully 350 people attended.

The audience was one that any organization could take pride in assembling. All the local societies and those of the Jersey, Brooklyn and other suburbs, were well represented, and there were numbers from out of town.

At exactly eight o'clock, Dr. E. H. Currier stepped before the curtain and opened the evening's exercises, with an address on the "Life and Work of Isaac Lewis Peet," whose natal day was being observed. Dr. Currier said, in part:

Dr. Isaac Lewis Peet, the scholarly Principal-Emeritus whose native day we celebrate to-night, was born on December 4th, 1824. He entered Yale College in 1840, but on account of sickness lost one year, and therefore graduated in 1845. He at once began the work of teacher of the deaf at the same time taking a course in the Union Theological Seminary, graduating in 1849. In 1851, he went abroad and examined schools in Great Britain, Ireland, France, Italy, Switzerland, Belgium, Holland and along the Rhine. In 1852 he became Vice-Principal of the New York Institution, and fifteen years after, in 1867, he was made Principal, on the retirement of his father, Harvey Prindle Peet, with the title of Emeritus Principal. In 1872, he was honored by the Columbia College with the degree of Doctor of Laws. In 1880, he attended the congress of educators of the deaf at Milan, Italy; and in 1883 that held at Brussels, Belgium; being a vice-president in both. In 1886 he was made President of the New York Medico-Legal Society, and in 1892 President of the Seventh Conference of Principals. On January 1st, 1893, after forty-seven years of active service, he retired as Principal-Emeritus. His death occurred on the 27th of December, 1898, and the funeral was held in the Chapel of the New York Institution. His remains were buried beside his father, in Hartford, Ct.

Mr. Currier gave an eloquent description of the lovable characteristics of Dr. Peet, and enumerated the important works in the literature of the deaf, books which have a world-wide celebrity. "The establishment of the High Class; the striking out of the word *indigent* from the laws relating to the deaf; the Language Lessons, as introducing a course in English without the use of signs; the Psychical Status and Criminal Responsibility of the Uneducated Deaf; The Gallaudet Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf; are in my opinion the greatest and grandest memories of the kindly, saintly man, who last year, on this date, honored us by his presence at the Institution, in whose service his life had been spent."

Barely sixty seconds after Fawcett's principal closed his remarks the curtain went up, revealing the studio of the three artists made famous by De Maurier's story of tangled careers in the Latin Quarter of Paris.

Easels with half completed sketches; a piano; and all the fittings; the artists themselves enter, "Taffy" with his flowing whiskers, "Little Billee" and "The Laird" in his scotch dress, and in a song and dance sketch they introduce themselves.

"Thrillby," in the person of Mr. Le Clercq, was made up and costumed in an exact *fac simile* of the beautiful though weak heroine of the novel, and "Sven-Jali's," (Mr. Jones) entry was greeted with rounds of applause.

The burlesque went well and without a hitch. A synopsis of it would be of but little interest to those who did not see it, and De Maurier's

novel is of such recent popularity that when it is said that the play was a burlesque with "local" gags and interpolations, enough is said. Much credit is due the players, and to Mr. Thos. F. Fox, who rehearsed and staged the production.

The cast in detail:

Taffy.....Mr. I. N. Soper  
Little Billee.....Mr. T. I. Lounsbury  
The Laird.....Mr. A. L. Pach  
Sven-Jali.....Mr. W. G. Jones  
"Thrillby".....Mr. C. J. Le Clercq

At its conclusion there was a gymnastic exhibition by students from the New York Institution, under the direction of Physical Director Cook.

The training the boys and girls of to-day get was a revelation to the "old timers," and the feats of strength, tumbling and "stunts," made them fairly gape in admiration of the system that not only gives good educational results by developing good brain power, but develops sound, healthy bodies as well.

At the conclusion a "Gymnastic Sketch," entitled "Tell it to him; he never heard it," was given by Messrs. Jones, Cohen, Cook and Clarke, of Fawcett, and it provoked the risibilities of all.

The stage part of the entertainment closed with military drill and evolutions in the School of the Soldier and the Manual of Arms, was gone through with such precision that the cadets (Company A, New York Institution Cadets, Captain Keiser commanding) should not feel any hesitancy in competing with cadets of other schools, who are not handicapped as they are.

The auditorium was then turned into a ball room, and soon Prof. Reiff's musicians were playing a grand March, which was participated in by fully half of those present, headed by Mr. and Mrs. C. J. Le Clercq, that gentleman officiating as Floor Manager, assisted by Mr. Schindler.

The dance attracted but half those present, the other half devoted themselves to "how-de-dos" and "Hellas" with old and new friends. Dr. and Mrs. Gallaudet and Miss Gallaudet, Dr. and Mrs. Currier, Dr. and Mrs. Chamberlain and Miss Chamberlain, Mr. and Mrs. George Porter, of Trenton, Mr. J. C. Howard of Duluth, Minn., Mr. Paul Kees, John Ward, A. L. Thomas, M. Moses, Mr. and Mrs. McManus and Miss Ethel Perry, Miss Moses of Newark N. J., Sylvester Fogarty and a party of ladies from Flushing, Mr. Buck of Philadelphia, were prominent in the audience; and the Union League, Manhattan Literary Association, Xavier Union and Guild organizations of the two

cities, were out almost in full force.

At midnight a supper was served, and after an hour's intermission dancing was resumed and kept up till three in the morning, when the hall was almost deserted.

Artistically, socially and financially, the affair was a success, and while all the members did their full share towards bringing this result about.

The Haight trial is dragging slowly along in the Supreme Court, and the city papers now ignore it altogether, though it gave the case a great deal of space while it was a novelty.

Peter Redington presented his old wheel to his friend John D. Shea and will use his new acquisition until his good luck enables him to come across another one for little or nothing.

Mr. J. C. Howard of Duluth, Minn., has been the guest of Prof. T. F. Fox for the past week, and was entertained at the club rooms of the League of Elect Surds on Saturday evening. Thursday and Friday evenings the JOURNAL representative entertained him and his host at the Garden theatre, where they saw Mr. Mansfield as "Cyrano de Bergerac," and at Keith's where they enjoyed the fine show from a box.

Miss Gertrude Cochran Waiter, a deaf lady of wealth and social standing, who was the daughter of the late Rev. W. H. Walter, died of pneumonia at her residence, 7 East 62nd Street, on Friday morning, Dec. 8th, aged fifty-nine years.

The funeral services were held on Monday at the home of the deceased and the interment was privately conducted. An extended obituary notice will be printed in next week's JOURNAL.

An election for Wardens and Vestrymen of St. Matthew's and St. Ann's Churches was held at the first named church on Monday evening, December 4th.

The Wardens elected are James H. Falconer and Dr. J. H. Reed. The Vestrymen are Edward Berry, A. W. Kelly, Ira B. Stewart, Robt. H. Lockwood, W. B. Taaffs, J. S. Sutphen, Jr., W. H. Morrill, I. N. Soper and A. A. Barnes.

The two last named are the deaf members of the Board, and the only prominent members of St. Ann's who took no part in the recent attempt to infuse new life and new blood into St. Ann's, and the deaf are asking each other if their election means an approval of their course in refraining from agitating a matter that was of vital interest to all the deaf.

Wm. S. Abrams went up to the Morris Heights ship-yards to witness the launching of the torpedo boat "Bailey." There were other distinguished personages there too, but Mr. Abrams' name was only the one handed me.

James Lonergan, John D. Shea and H. J. Anderson, were the committee that arranged a very happy surprise for Mr. and Mrs. Isaac Brockman at their home, Rosedale Avenue, Van Nest (Borough of the Bronx) on Saturday evening, the 9th inst. There was a cake walk by two bearing young woman, and games for prizes were indulged in.

An ample luncheon and light liquid cheer was furnished, and the thirty odd friends of Mr. and Mrs. Brockman who were present enjoyed a remarkably fine time.

Mr. and Mrs. George S. Porter gave a Gallaudet Day dinner at their home, in Trenton, N. J., to Mr. Theo. I. Lounsbury and Mr. A. L. Pach, past and present city representatives of this paper. The New Yorkers paid their respects to Principal Walker at his office.

Crushed Him.

At a children's charity entertainment a collection was being taken up, and a little girl of six offered the plate to a wealthy man well known for his parsimony. "I have nothing to give," was his surly response.

"Then take out something," said the little miss. "We are collecting for the poor."—Kansas City Star.

SERVICES FOR DEAF-MUTES

DECEMBER 17TH, THIRD SUNDAY IN ADVENT, 3 P.M.

St. Ann's Church for Deaf-Mutes, 148th Street, West of Amsterdam Avenue, N. Y.

St. Mark's Church, Brooklyn.

Trinity Church, Newark, Holy Communion.

On Sunday after Christmas, December 31st, there will be a service in St. Paul's Church, New Haven, Conn., at 2:30 P.M.

Services in the Diocese of Albany

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 17.  
10:30 A.M., St. Paul's, Troy.  
9:00 P.M., St. Paul's, Albany.

SUNDAY, DECEMBER 24.  
10:30 A.M., St. Paul's, Troy.  
9:00 P.M., St. Paul's, Albany.

The Rev. Mr. Van Allen may be addressed either at "Station C," Albany, N. Y., or Bath-on-the-Hudson, N. Y.

## CHICAGO.

### Eulogizing the Pioneer of Deaf-Mute Education.

### SOME INTERESTING AN- ECDOTES.

### The Week's Happenings.

[News items for this column may be sent to James Irwin Sanson, Money Order Division, Chicago Postoffice.]

Gallaudet day was observed here in rather a quiet way—so quiet, indeed, as to call forth remarks about the lack of spontaneous activity in that direction. While the deaf have done a good deal to evince their profound gratitude to the Pioneer by erecting two statues for him, in Hartford and Washington, the fact remains that they can still further exhibit a lively sense of gratitude by simply being present at exercises held in his honor.

The benignant countenance of the Founder and that of his son seemed to shine out of their portraits that hung on the wall. Not one silent speaker failed to refer to them in the course of their remarks. The silent tributes are herewith reproduced as side-lights:

Rev. P. J. Hasenstab: As Washington is revered as the saviour of the country, as Lincoln is the emancipator of the colored race, so Gallaudet is loved and respected as the liberator of the deaf. To ameliorate their condition, he gave all the strength of his mind and heart and manifold talents. He might have amassed riches and achieved fame in law or politics, but preferred to following the promptings of his heart in a humble task, full of hardships and success uncertain.

Oscar H. Regensburg: The deaf of America do not take as enthusiastic interest in celebrating Gallaudet day as the deaf of France with Abbe de l'Epee.

One of the ideas from France should be adopted, and it was to place a wreath on Gallaudet's statue at Washington.

[The hat went around and a telegram was sent Washington to Prof. Draper to attend to it.]

The singular magnanimity of Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet was best shown when Clerc asked if he would object to the latter receiving more salary than himself, Gallaudet being principal and Clerc a teacher. Most principals would regard this as insolent, but Dr. Gallaudet gave a gracious consent.

The modesty of President Gallaudet in having the College of Washington not named after him but after his father, in response of urgent appeals of the Alumni, was referred to.

Mrs. P. J. Hasenstab: The value of education received singular force when a deaf boy wandered away from home. He encountered hardships in the woods till his dog joined him. Finally he was rescued and put in a school for the deaf. Here he made rapid progress till at last he could describe the location around his old home. Acting on the clue, his teacher and the now fourteen-year-old pupil finally discovered the old home, and the meeting between son and parents was joyful to the extreme. So a lost son was found through the system of education introduced by Thomas Hopkins Gallaudet.

W. R. Cullingworth: The above story reminded him that "truth is stranger than fiction," and in Albert Newsam, the artist, we find it so. A strange man took this boy with him in big cities. Newsam had the knack of drawing and it was utilized by the unscrupulous stranger for his own benefit. The boy would go down on his knees and draw sketches on the pavements, while the hat would go around and come back filled—so great was the interest displayed in the lightning artist. One of the most interested spectators was Bishop White, and by his earnest solicitations Albert was put in the Philadelphia School for the Deaf, where he made remarkable progress in his studies and meanwhile never neglecting the brush. It turned out he had been kidnapped, and when he returned to Steubenville, O., he found both parents dead, doubtless heartbroken over the disappearance of Albert. Again, it was education that put him on the road to enjoy fame, independence and happiness.

Charles Kerney: He had just dropped in the meeting and was not aware that Gallaudet was being honored. He had just come from Evansville, Ind., where he helped raise \$23, to sent to Indianapolis, to the Kerr-Gallaudet portrait, and always made it a point to work for the Founder.

Your Correspondent:—The details of Gallaudet's work on his trip to Europe, to learn about teaching the deaf, are too well known to need repetition. However, in this respect special honor should be paid to Seward, for two reasons, first in throwing open the door of welcome to the inquirer after truth, second,

for permitting Clerc to accompany him to America. As Gallaudet prophesied in his eloquent letter of appeal, "the name of Seward would become dear in America, as it was in France."

Therefore, the name of Seward must always be remembered, as one who facilitated the efforts of the American, as he was beginning to get discouraged.

In sending Clerc to Washington, instead of going himself, the result being the gift of 23,000 acres of wild land, yielding \$300,000, Gallaudet exhibited a grand equisop of soul, hardly comprehended.

His private life was without a blemish, and was characterized by "unassuming piety and amiability of temper."

He had so disciplined his powers as to become an instrument in the hands of Providence for accomplishing a great philanthropic enterprise. Endowed with a profound mind, patient and untiring industry, and that strong common sense which is ever the basis of greatness, he laid the foundation and reared "a vast edifice by wholly new rules, under novel exigencies and for ends and purposes never before sought."

Reference was again made to the philanthropic work of Gallaudet by Rev. Mr. Hasenstab in the Methodist pulpit, he taking for his text: Psalm 112:6—"The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."

Messrs. Codman, Wayman and Frank, as members of the Entertainment Committee, deserve credit for getting up the program.

The Illinois Gallaudet Alumni will decide this week about holding its reunion. It is to be hoped they will select Chicago, on account of the G. A. R. being held here next August. If it succeeds, the credit should be given to Mr. Regensburg for suggesting it.

The petty burglarizing still continues. This time it is Mr. Dunn. Thieves broke into his trunk, and were \$25 the richer for it. Mr. Dunn apparently does not read the JOURNAL or he would find burglarizing mentioned as having happened near at home several times. Chip in one dollar and save twenty-four dollars!

Julia Roth owns a litter of puppies. The finest among the lot has been named Dewey. Wonder if the others are named Schley, Sampson, Clark, Hobson, etc.

Mr. Hayes, formerly of the Edgewood and Philadelphia Schools, is employed as typewriter in the Steel Works of Montpelier, Ind. At first he was taken for a hearing man because seen to converse by lips with a hearing lady in church.

Mr. Bray has a vigorous article in the Tribune, advocating the free use of Field Columbian Museum on holidays. Right you are, Mr. Bray.

Messrs. Spear and Thompson are expected in the city, on their way to the south for a three months' sojourn.

Fred. Carroll, and not Mr. Arnold, was chosen Librarian of the Pas-a-Pas Club. Otherwise the list of new officers is correct. The new President should turn up at the social and literary meetings as much as possible.

Mr. Charles Kerney dropped in Chicago on business connected with his newspaper. He announces that it will be out January, all details except a few ones having been arranged. It will be an eye-opener. From unusual advantages offered by the citizens of Evansville, Ind., he feels inclined to publish his paper there, instead of at Washington, D. C., as originally intended.

Returning students, of Chicago University, with placards on their hats, told that Chicago had sat down and hard on Wisconsin's championship aspirations. When five buly players aggregating 200 lbs. each, hurl themselves at the same spot, time and time, there is no use resisting such terrific hammering. The Chicago team will go on to California.

The following article is 1000 per cent above the truth, as far as new members are concerned. The hand of Carter can be seen in it. In matters concerning the deaf the hearing reporter is gullible.

DEAF-MUTES TO HAVE A BALL.

A largely attended meeting of deaf-mutes was held at Wicker Park Hall on west Fourth avenue last night to further the organization of the Chicago Mutual Benefit Association. There are in the city about 1,400 deaf mutes, all of whom are personally known to one another. They are engaged in almost every branch of business industry that goes to make up the commercial life of Chicago. The object of the association is to assist financially all members who are taken sick or who are out of employment. Two hundred members have already been enrolled. The officers are:

President—George H. Carter.  
Vice president—M. Smith.  
Financial secretary—F. Shibitzky.  
Treasurer—W. Witte.

Recording secretary—J. Piskac. It was decided at last night's meeting to defer action on the admission of 400 additional applicants for membership till Jan. 13, when a proposition for including an insurance feature in the work of the organization will be taken up. At present the officers are busy with preparations for a masque ball, which will be given in Aurora Turner Hall, early next month. To most people a ball without music would seem a spiritless affair, but these silent folk manage the thing cleverly, keeping time to signals from the floor manager and making all the changes in figure dances with precision.



FANWOOD.

Mr. Clarke gave a very interesting lecture before the Fanwood Literary Association, Saturday evening. His subject was "Utah and Mormonism," and occupied about an hour's time. We have a better idea of what Mormonism is, but hope it won't lead to any of the pupils being converted to that faith.

Cadet Brewer has made so much improvement in photography that he is kept quite busy these days. Generally the boys prefer to be taken in heroic poses, such as leading a charge of fence pickets, or holding off an imaginary enemy. Football costume is also popular, and the plants in the greenhouse furnish a good background for the work.

A slight flurry of snow, last week, led to increased activity in one direction of all the little boys at Fanwood. Sleds stored away neglected during the summer, were brought out and overhauled. Those who had no sleds, set to work to make them and the carpenter shop, after work hours, presented as busy an appearance as at any other time.

Mr. J. C. Howard, of Duluth, Minn., was the guest of Principal Currier for a few days. A few of us remember him as captain of the Gallandet eleven which visited Fanwood in 1894.

The battalion turned out Sunday afternoon and was reviewed by Capt. Bell of the 22d Regiment, N. G. N. Y. Monday morning Major Van Tassel instructed Company A and B in platoon movements.

Saturday afternoon those who did not obtain leave of absence spent the time in the gymnasium, doing stunts on the various apparatus, to the great danger of their necks and limbs. Physical Director Cook isn't very anxious on this account.

Next week examinations for the present term will be held. The pupils are very busy, it seems, with reviewing their lessons.

The dear girls have got the Christmas present fever very badly. The boys don't blame them, but just want to know why they borrow the advertising pages of the daily papers, and seem to spend more time on them than they used to. I saw some girls remark that they intended visiting Siegel & Cooper's, Saturday. Their friends take warning, we don't approve of presents bought in department stores.

Prof. W. G. Jones gave Longfellow's "Hiawatha," Sunday evening in the chapel. Time was limited, so Mr. Jones had to condense it. Notwithstanding, it was so well rendered that he was heartily applauded at its close. Dr. Leslie, of the Board of Directors, was present and seemed to enjoy it as well as any of us.

Mr. Eli Ellis, ex-captain of Company C, to show his interest in the military feature of the school, sent Principal Currier a very beautiful knife to be given to the captain of the best drilled company. At the competitive drill, on November 20th, the judge, Lieutenant Butler, decided on Company A, so Principal Currier formally presented the knife to Captain Keiser, on Monday, at noon, in the presence of the pupils. The knife is of fine workmanship. The handle is of mother of pearl. It has three large blades, and altogether a thing of beauty and sure to be "a joy forever." Capt. Keiser wishes to thank Mr. Ellis for the gift, which he will always prize highly.

Cadets A. Berg, J. Amnuth and Herman Plapinger, visited Grant's tomb, on Riverside Drive, Saturday afternoon.

Miss Evelyn B. Heiser, Principal of the primary grades at the Indiana school for the deaf, at Indianapolis, Ind., was a visitor at Fanwood some time ago. Principal Currier conducted her through the various departments and she was very much interested in all she saw at Fanwood.

EDGEWOOD PARK, PA.

Mr. and Mrs. Burt's recent visit to the East seems to have been very much enjoyed and appreciated, judging from what they have had to say concerning it. They spent considerable time at Mt. Airy, visiting the various departments of that school and saw a good deal there that is different from the way we do things here. Their visits at the "Fanwood" and Lexington Avenue Schools in New York were no less profitable. The advance in oral work was duly noted, although we presume to do a good deal along that line here.

Miss Evelyn Heizer, principal of the Primary Department of the Indianapolis Institution, honored our school with a visit a short time since. She found enough of interest to keep her here two days, which time she spent mostly in the school rooms. We hope she found something interesting and profitable in her observations as compensation for her own agreeable personality. She certainly impressed all who had the pleasure of making her acquaintance, very favorably. Mr. and Mrs. Burt invited all the teachers of the school to meet her socially one evening of her stay.

Miss Jean Searles, after the death of her father, has returned to her

duties, as has Miss Thompson, after a two-week illness, thus releasing Mrs. Burt and Mrs. McFarland, (nee Henderson), as substitutes.

Mr. F. R. Gray, after making himself scarce for an age, put in an appearance lately. He is just as hearty and jovial as ever, and can tell you how to make pumpkin pies that will make your mouth water for a week, for the asking. He declares there are no copyrights on his recipes, and the products are guaranteed to turn out the best things on this side of the Styx.

The chrysanthemum show at Phipps' Conservatory, Schenley Park, was the magnet that attracted many of us thither when it was at its best. A finer and more elevating exhibit is hard to imagine. There seemed to be millions of the finest blossoms in every hue and shape. W. C. Smith, superintendent of the Botanical Gardens, Washington, D. C., gave this testimony as to the beauty of the show: "The person who cannot appreciate the beauty of this show has no business in heaven."

Last week Mrs. Teegarden had the pleasure of showing Miss Kate Abraham, of South Side, Pittsburg, through the school and entertaining her as her guest over Sunday. Miss Abraham is the oldest public school teacher in continuous service in Pittsburg, she having been teaching without a break for fifty-two years. She is still in the harness and apparently as energetic and wide awake as any of the younger generation. She was Mrs. Teegarden's teacher before she became deaf. It was the first time Miss Abraham had ever visited a school for the deaf, and seemed much pleased with all she saw, and owing to her long engagement in educational work, her visit proved of interest to teachers and pupils alike. During her visit in Wilkesburg she had her photograph taken with Mrs. Teegarden (she would not have it alone). This was the first time she ever had her picture taken, and Mrs. Teegarden felt quite elated in being able to secure it.

A class in drawing has been started with Miss Mary Chatly in charge. At present only two or three pupils take lessons but no doubt the class will grow fast enough when it gets started. Football is still all the talk. Since our last writing two games have been played by our team, one being lost, the other, the Thanksgiving day game, was won. The lost by a score of 6 to 0, to the "Company Cadets" of Pittsburg, is the only defeat our boys have suffered this season, and they have played with some very strong teams too. In this game team the was weakened by the absence of several of its best players, still they put up a good game and their opponents were surprised to find them so strong.

Thanksgiving day the boys tackled the "West End" team of Brad-dock, and after a hard tussle downed them 6 to 0. The "West Enders," as soon as they realized that they would be defeated, began to act ugly and make trouble. Near the end of the second half, when they had no chance of scoring, some of them deliberately attacked the referee, and this ended the game; our boys quietly withdrawing to avoid further trouble. It is a pity so much bad feeling should enter into what ought to be only friendly contests. Our boys deserve credit for patience under the provocation. They are learning self-reliance and forbearance.

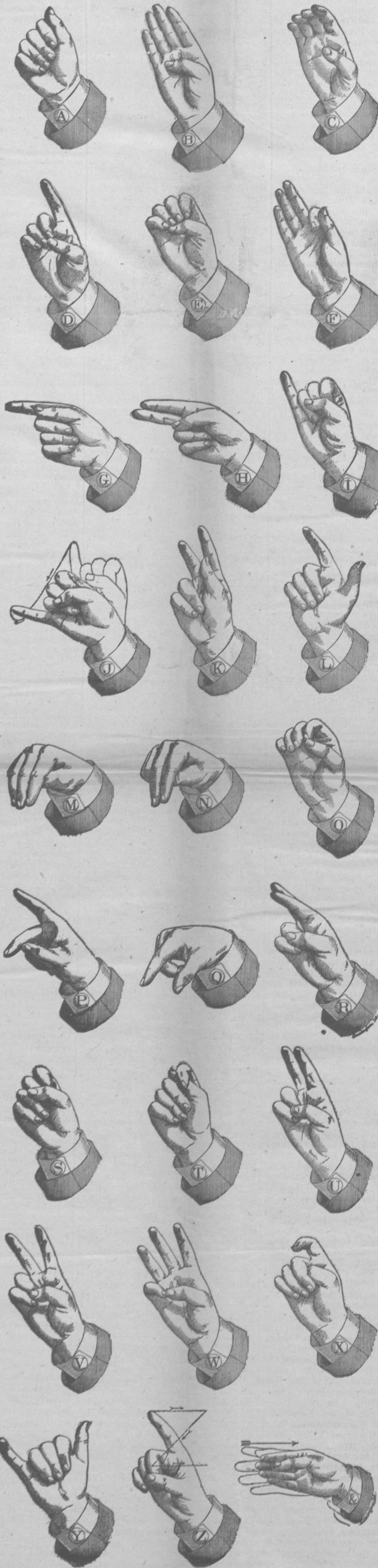
Messrs. Allabough, Woodside, Reynolds and a number of others, in this vicinity have been scouring the wilds of Butler, Westmoreland and Washington counties, in quest of game since the season opened, and have fairly made the fur and feathers fly—mostly, it must be said, in a way that did not benefit the nimrods. With yelping dogs and louds gesticulations they drove from cover great numbers of the denizens of the wilds, but to date, all told, they have brought down only one quail, one squirrel and ten rabbits.

Mr. and Mrs. Rolshouse, accompanied by their guest, Miss Biery, put in an appearance on Thanksgiving Day. The healthy appearance they presented was evidence they have been living well. Miss Biery seems to be becoming acclimated to Pittsburg's murky atmosphere and is apparently enjoyed life.

Since writing the preceding, Mr. Allabough has returned from another outing with his gun—trophy, three cotton tails and four pheasants.

G. M. T.

American Manual Alphabet.



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